

Rickie Lee Jones, Lush Life

(Billy Strahorn)

I used to visit all the very gay places

Those come-what-may places
I used to visit all the very gay places
Where one relaxes on the axis of the wheel of life
To get the feel of life
From jazz and cocktails.

The girls I knew had sad and sullen gray faces
With distingue traces
That used to be there - You could see where they'd been washed away
By too many through the day
Twelve o'clock tales

Then you came along with your siren song
To tempt me to madness...
I thought for a while that your poignant smile
Was tinged with the sadness...
Of a great love for me.
Ah yes, I was wrong.
Again, I was wrong.

Life is lonely again,
And only last year, everything seemed so sure.
Now life is awful again,
A trough full of hearts could only be a bore.

A week in Paris will ease the bite of it
All I care is to smile in spite of it

I'll forget you, I will
While yet you are still
Burning inside my brain
Romance is mush
Stifling those who strive
I'll live a lush life in some small dive
And there I'll be, while I rot with the rest
Of those whose lives are lonely too.